

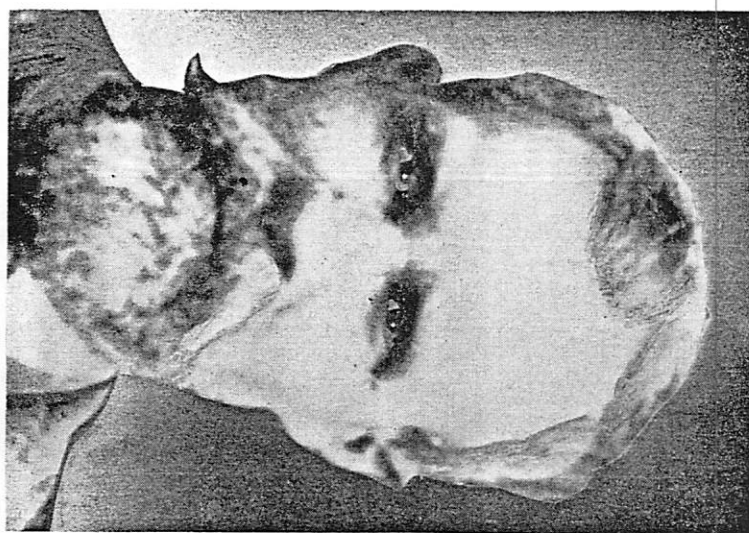
Ruby M. Compton  
 copied at Heber City  
 Library from records  
 of Barbara McDonald (Lily)  
 on June 7, 1976

address:  
 Ruby M. Compton  
 516 N. Main  
 Heber City, Utah  
 84032

phone 654-2765

Ruby M. Compton  
 Royal Coachman #  
 R.D. Heber City, UT.  
 84032  
 June 16, 1988.

# LIFE OF JOSEPH S. McDONALD



Joseph S. McDonald

"UNDER WASATCH SKIES"

50

56 - pages = \$5.60  
 13 - pages = 1.30  
 13 - pages = 1.30  
 8.20

January 19, 1920

LIFE OF JOSEPH S. McDONALD

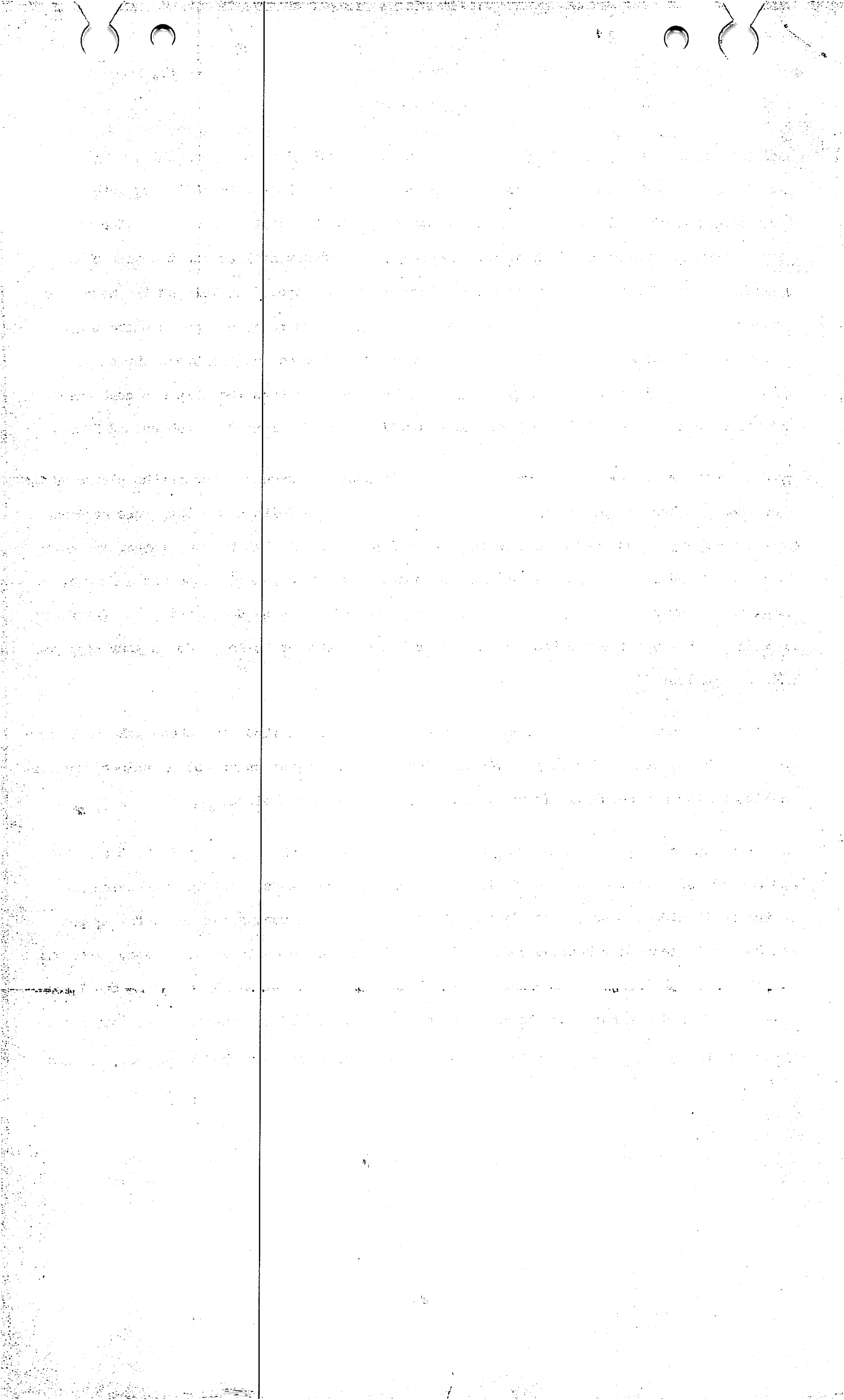
Page 1  
Joseph S. McDonald was born in Polk Co., County Down, Ireland in the year 1842. My parents joined the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day in 1841. In 1845 they sold their home and started across the ocean to gather with the Saints. I was one year old then. The ship we sailed in was very small. We could not sail unless the wind blow. Instead of the wind blowing it was calm and we could not move. We laid on the water ten days and could not move, then the wind began to blow and there came a great storm and blew us out of our course so that we were six weeks on the ocean. We broke our cable twice in letting it down to steady our ship. Everybody was sure the ship was sunk and the passengers drowned, but the Lord spared our lives and we landed in the United States.

My father and brothers worked seven years to get teams and wagons to cross the plains in the year 1850. I had the privilege of seeing Joseph and Hyrum Smith after they were murdered by the mob. My father and mother were sure good people. At that time my father was going to his work and six or eight of the mob surrounded him and demanded if he was a Mormon. He said, "No, I am a Latter Day Saint." The leader gave him his hand and said, "We intended to kill you but you are too brave a man to be killed for your belief. Go on your way, you will be unmolested".

I was eight years old when we started to cross the plains in 1850 with three yoke of oxen and two yoke of cows and a pony. We were loaded with provisions and other things necessary to live in the new country. It was a very bad year for the cholera.

My father was a very stout man but he took it about four o'clock P. M. and about dark he was a dead man. Next morning we took some goods boxes and made a coffin and buried him on the North side of the Platte River. It must have been a very great trial for my poor old mother to leave her husband on the plains and with seven children go to some place she didn't know. But she was with the Saints going to Zion in the Rocky Mountains and I suppose that helped her some for she was very religious always. We traveled more than a thousand miles to get to Salt Lake Valley. The Indians were very bad that year. We had

Joseph S. McDonald



to guard our towns while they were ~~working~~ with a strong guard. We could see Indians and buffalo everywhere. We had to stop our train or they would have run through it. The captain rode up about half way and stopped the hind end of the train and told the other part of the train to drive on, so the buffalo could pass through. They were over half a day passing. There must have been three or four thousand of them, all on the run.

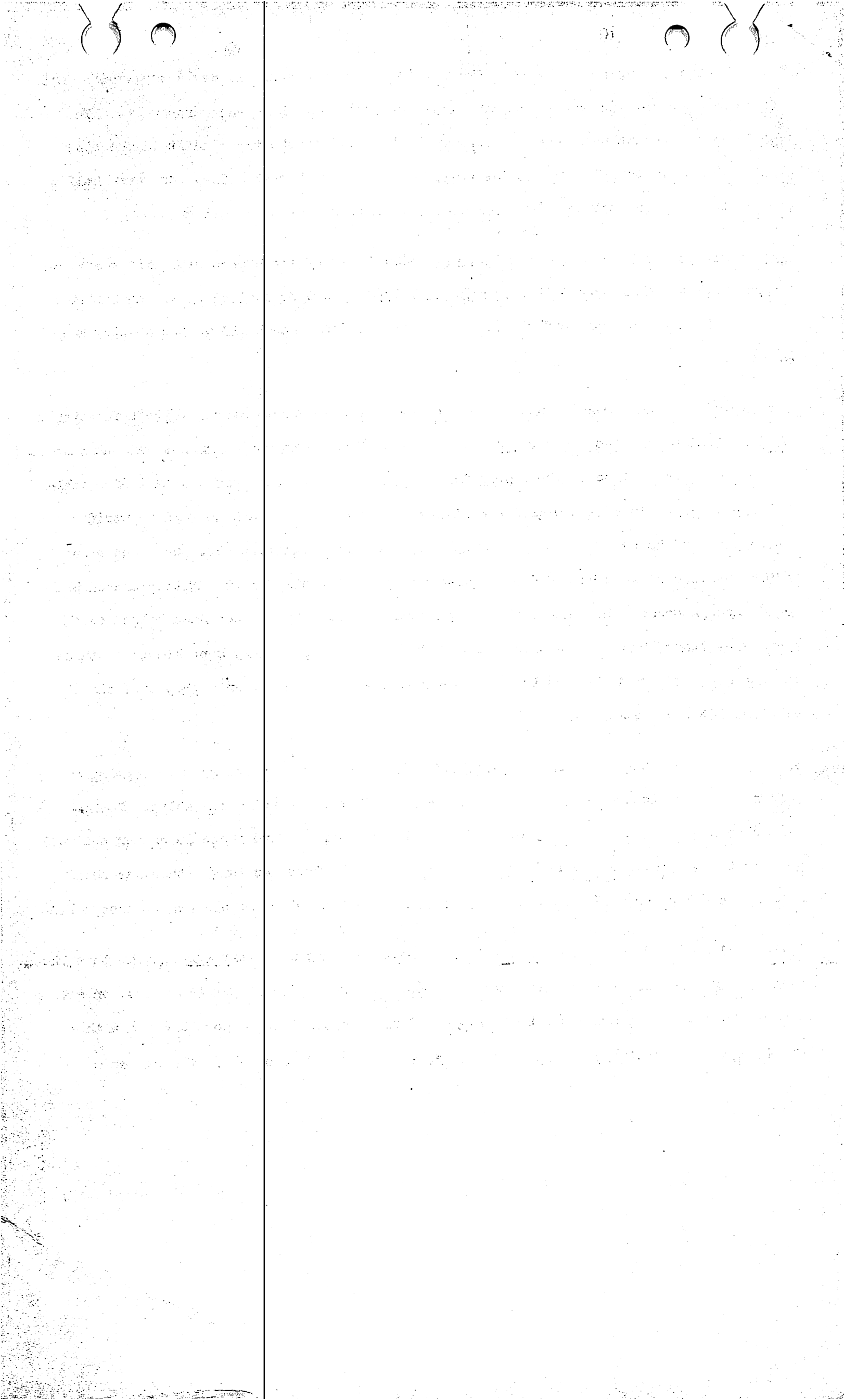
When we got to the Great Salt Lake there was fort built of log houses with dirt roofs, no floors in them. We wintered there in the year 1851. We were advised by the authorities to move out in the country and the boys must take up farms and build up the country and make homes.

So we moved to Mountainville, now called Alpine. There were twelve or fifteen families there at that time. We did not like it. It was close up to the mountains and the snow was very deep that winter. There were too many Indians there. There was an indian called Squash. He stole a little girl from there, and when it got dark he said it would not stop crying and he put his foot on it and pulled its arms and legs out. When peace was made he bragged of what he had done. Some men got after him for it and they chased him round through Cedar Valley and back through Springville. My brother John helped catch him. They locked him up in a house back of Bishop Johnsons. They kept him there three or four days and somebody went in and cut his throat from ear to ear. They sure did it up right for I saw it myself.

In the Spring of 1852 we moved to Springville. We took some land and went to farming and sold some of our teams for something to live on till we could raise something. Mother set me to herding cows to help along. I herded cows four or five years in summer and went to school in winter. I did not get much education. All that was taught then was reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic but what I did learn has helped me all right through life.

While herding I had good experience with the Indians. They were very numerous at that time. They made a practice of taking our dinners. We would fight for it but they were men and we were boys so it always ended by losing our dinners and getting a good licking with a quirt. We were herding on a dry bench and some men had made a canal just above us so

JOSE S. McKEON



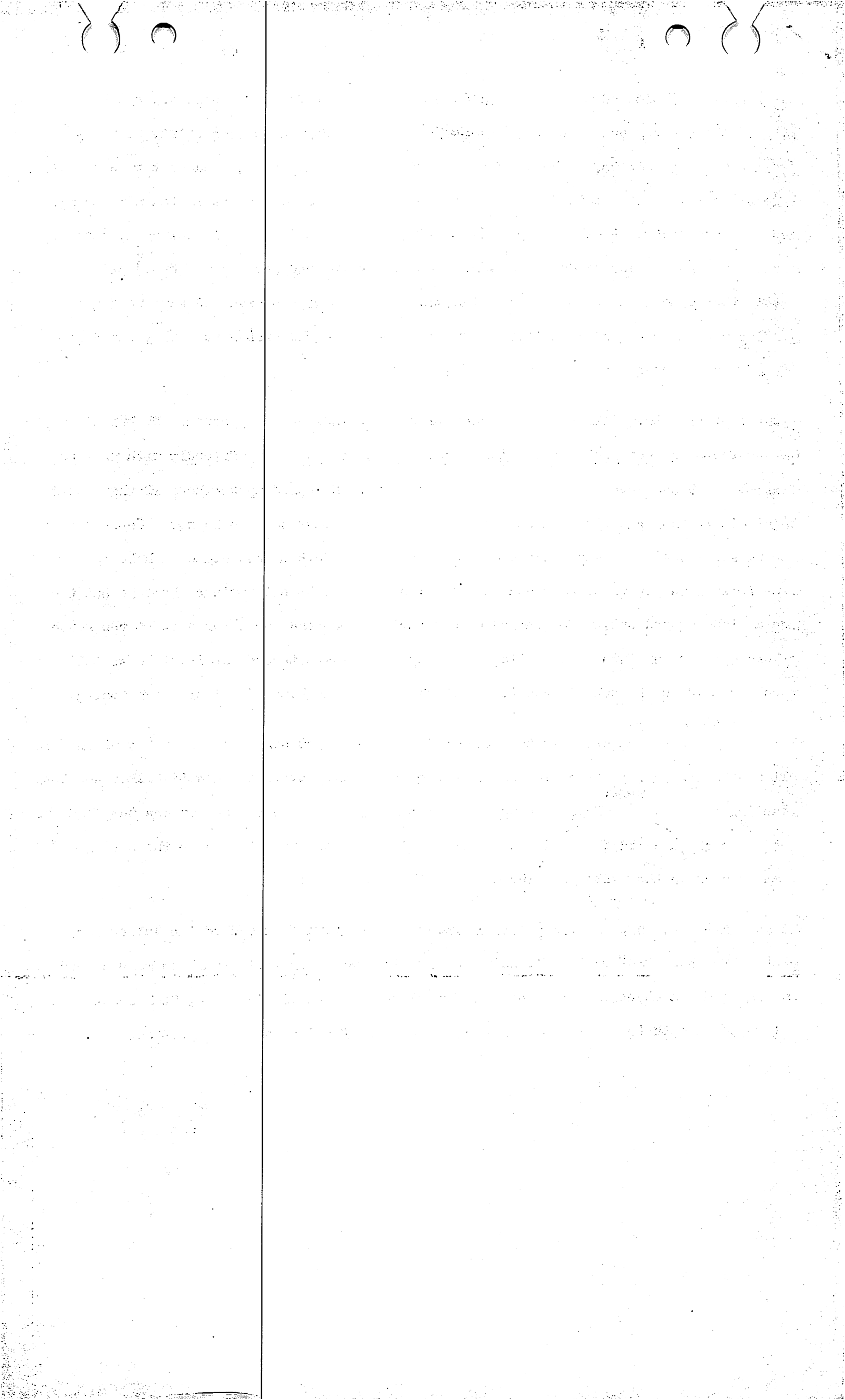
dig a swimming hole and turned some water in it and we forgot to turn it off and it run through the country and made it very muddy. The next day there were thirty or forty Indians hunting rabbits. The way they caught rabbits, when one jumped up they would all take after it. The rabbit happened to run over this mud. The first indian hit the mud and down the rest went all on top of him. It was sure fun for us. We hollered, "goody, goody" and clapped our hands. But when they all got up and got the mud wiped off a little they came up and got off their horses, caught us by the arms and gave us a good licking with a quirt and a lariat. Of course, when we could grab a rock they would get it, but it all ended as usual and we got a good licking.

About that time the Walker war broke out and all the indians disappeared. We built a wall twelve foot high for protection. The last Indian we saw was very friendly with us. He came to our house about dark to shake hands with us. He asked my brothers if they would shoot him if they saw him in a battle. They told him that they would not. Then he said, "No me shoot you". He shook hands again and started. Mother gave him enough bread and meat to last two or three days and that night he went to Stuart Springs where we had two men a picket guard out. He crawled up and shot one man and the other shot at the flash of his gun and run into Springville, then they sent riders through Springville to tell the people to run to the schoolhouse for we thought the whole band of Walkers were coming.

I was living with my mother at that time and she had forgot her money under her pillow and all went well. For next morning she said she would have got that money if Walker had been standing at the door. Next morning there were men sent out to see how it was they came to the house and tracked the indian to where he climbed over the wall and to the spring and that cleared up the mystery. The cause of the Walker War:

It was James Ivy that was the principal actor in the drama that caused the Walker war. Walker, the War chief of the Ute indians with his braves and their families were camped in Spring Creek about one mile north of the present town of Springville, Utah County, Utah. All at peace with the white men, spending there time fishing and hunting, trading and being

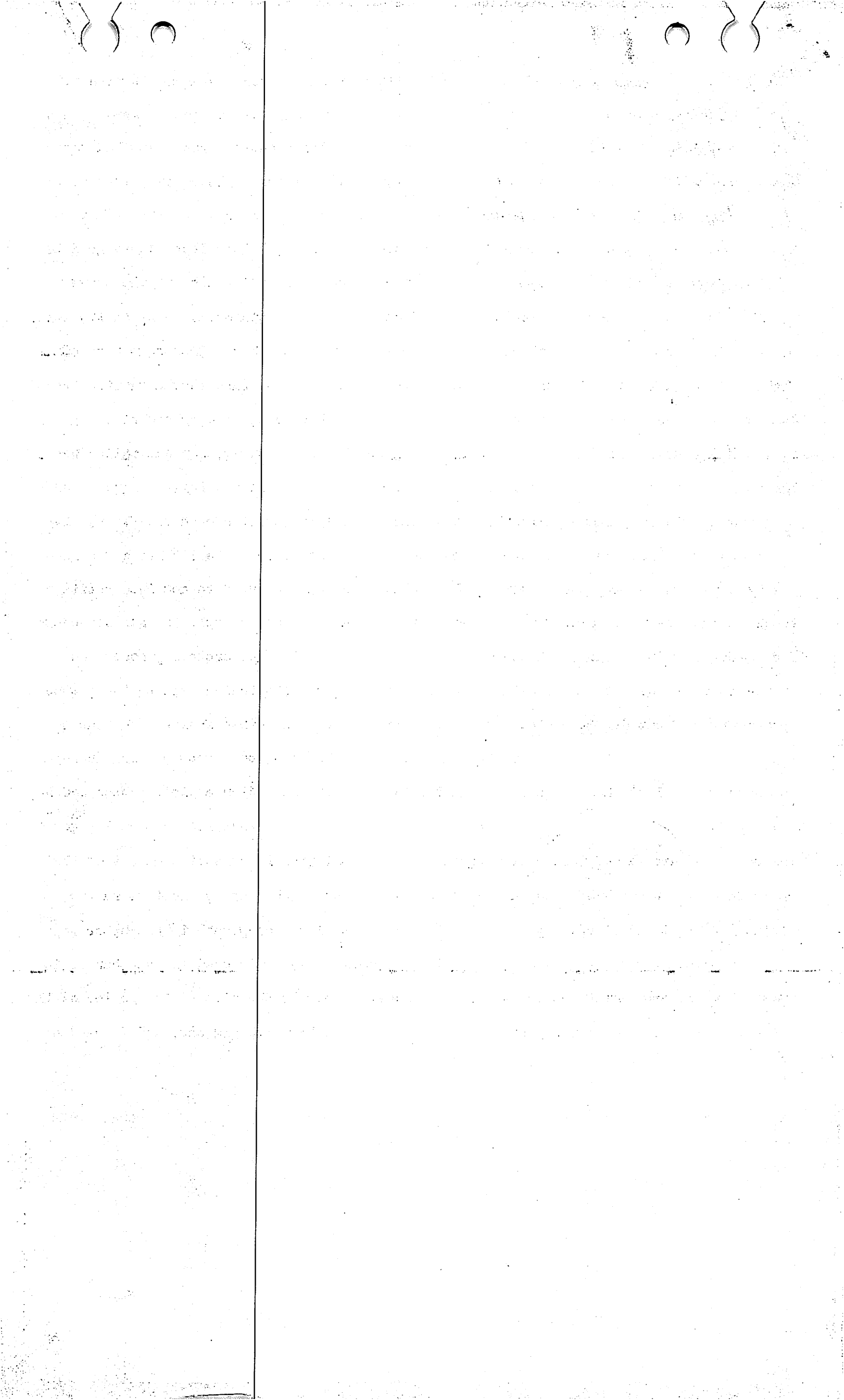
Jos S Mc Donald



with the people. James Ivy at that time had built a cabin and was living in it with his wife and one child about one mile north and west of where the Indians were camped. In the evening of July 17, 1853 an Indian and squaw came into Ivy's cabin. The squaw had three large trout which she wanted to trade to Mrs. Ivy for some flour. Flour being very scarce at that time, Mrs. Ivy called her husband in to get his views on a trade of that kind. He being at work digging a well. When he saw the trout, he said, "Those look mighty good to me", and suggested that Mrs. Ivy might give three pints of flour for them if the squaw would trade that way. He then went out of the cabin to resume his work. Just as Ivy left two more Indians came in the cabin, one of them seems to be the husband or some kind of claim on the squaw who had closed the trade with Mrs. Ivy. When this Indian saw the trout he became enraged and began beating the squaw, knocking her down, kicking and stamping her in a brutal manner. While the assault was being committed, Mrs. Ivy ran and called her husband, and Mr. Ivy came to the cabin while the Indian was still beating the squaw. He took hold of the Indian and pulled him away, the squaw lying prostrate on the floor. Ivy tried to push the Indian out of the cabin. When the Indian came in he left his gun standing by the door. As Ivy pushed him out he grabbed his gun and tried to get into position to shoot Ivy. Ivy got hold of the muzzle of the gun and in the struggle the gun was broken. The Indian, retaining the stock and Ivy the barrel. When the gun broke Ivy dealt the Indian a hard blow on the head with the barrel of the gun. The Indian fell to the ground, apparently dead but didn't expire until some hours later. The other Indian, who came to the cabin at the same time drew his bow and arrow and shot Ivy, the arrow passing through the shoulder of Ivy's hunting shirt. At this Ivy struck the Indian a violent blow and he fell unconscious by the side of the prostrate body of the other Indian. Just as Ivy got through with this second Indian, the squaw he had been trying to protect came out of the cabin door with a stick of wood in her hand which she had picked up by the fire in the cabin. With it she struck Ivy a blow on the face, cutting a deep gash in his upper lip. The scar showed plainly from that time until his death. Ivy again used the gun barrel to defend himself and struck the squaw. She fell unconscious by the side of the bodies of the other two Indians. There was great excitement. I was a boy with big ears and I heard every

Jos S McDowell

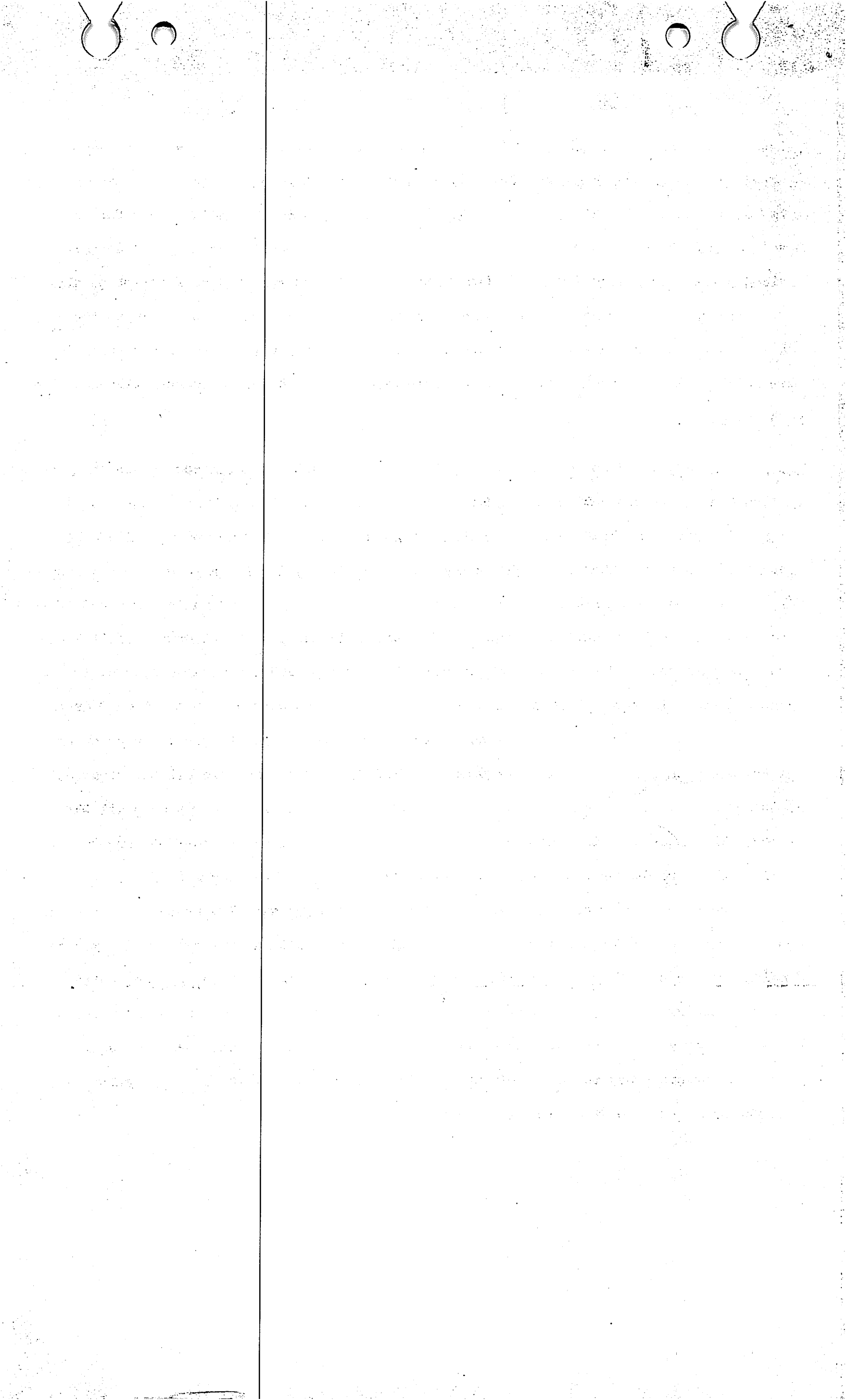




thing that was going on. We tried to ~~do~~ <sup>live</sup> with them by giving them everything they wanted in beef, ponies, flour, blankets, but they refused to settle unless Ivy was given up to be tried by the Indians. This was refused by the white people so the Indians left for the mountains and the war was on. The Indians killing every white person they could find. I stood guard once a week for nearly two years but I was not enrolled so I got no pension for my labor. That let me out from herding cows. They sent a company of men with the herd I was then turned into a farmer and I was living with my mother yet. She had a small farm upon which I raised enough wheat, corn and potatoes and squash for us to use without buying such things.

We had no money, I had to go down on the Lake bottom and cut cane with some grass among it to feed ten or fifteen cattle during the winter. Then I had to stack it up and haul it alone. I remember my loads were as wide as they were long. I had to put up quite a big stack all by myself. When I threshed our wheat, I did it by driving a yoke of oxen around it. I made a threshing floor by hauling clay from the adobe yard and making it round, fifteen or twenty feet and wetting the clay. I took a wall and pounded it down till it looked like a paved street and no wheat could be wasted, then I placed the wheat around on it about six feet wide with the heads on the butts so the heads were on top and then I drove the oxen around and around on it for awhile and then I would turn it over and kept on until the wheat was all threshed out. Then I would take my rake and rake all the straw out of it and then I piled the wheat in the middle of the floor until I got my crop all threshed out. There was only two fanning mills in Springville and I had to wait my turn to get it cleaned and ready for the mill. I remember there were no threshing machines in this country and no mowers or horse rakes. When I got my crop put away I went to the canyon to get some wood for the winter as there was no coal. I went with a company of men for protection. I was then fourteen or fifteen years old. Time went on this way for awhile <sup>1867</sup> when the Government sent an army of soldiers to kill us all. Everybody moved from there homes and went south of Provo. For awhile there was great excitement. Brigham Young sent word for everybody to make their wheat into flour and barrel it up and bury it. So when the army got into Utah we could bury it up for future use.

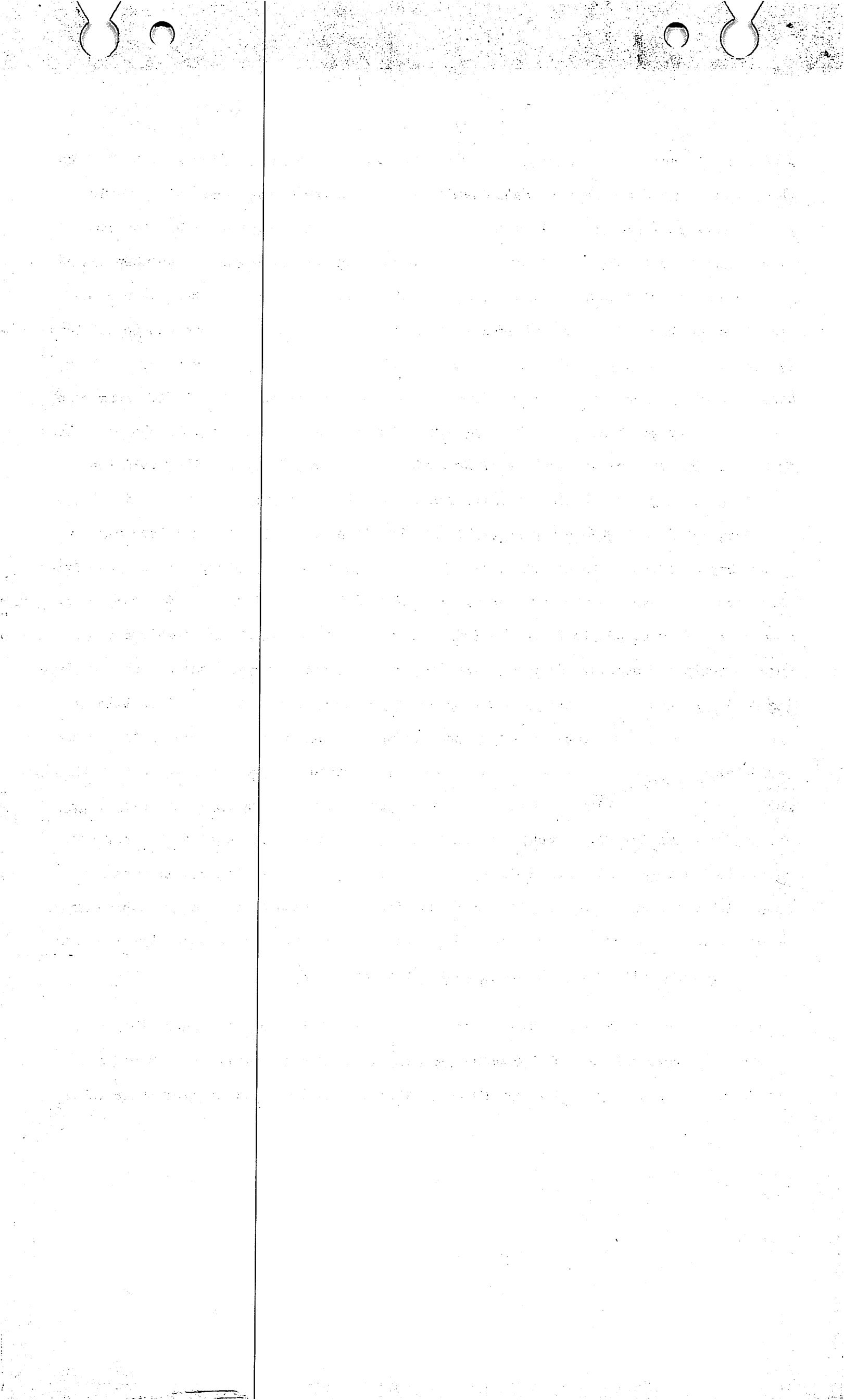
Jos. S. Mc Donnell



I went to the canyon and got a saw log to make barrels to hold the flour. I took it to the cooper to make the barrels and he made it up on shares and gave me half. When we got the barrels I had to pound it down with the mallet so it would hold a hundred pounds. We had twenty or twenty-five barrels. Then everything was ready for a move when ordered. About that time we had been misrepresented to the Government and they ordered an army to stop them. They were divided into many companies and had orders not to let them in, no matter how they did it. It was late in the fall and the grass was dry and they burnt everything for hundreds of miles so their teams had no feed when their train came along a mile or two behind and when we would charge down on them and tell the wagon boss to corral his train close together if he wanted to live any longer. They told the teamsters if they had anything of their own to get it and they gave them two minutes. Then they set fire to their wagons and burnt them to ashes. When the soldiers came in sight they could see nothing but smoke. We stole their horses, mules, and oxen and drove them into Salt Lake and wintered them west of Salt Lake on the island. One company slipped up and tied fire brands to the mules tails and headed them towards the soldiers camp. They knocked tents and soldiers in every direction and next morning there was one soldier laying dead. He had died of fright but they could see no Mormons. The soldiers told us when they came in, they could see Mormons sitting on their horses on every hill and they would bet there was fifty thousand of them sure. Before they got in Brigham sent them word that if they would agree to not make their camp less than thirty miles away from every Mormon settlement, he would let them in. They were pretty well cooled off and agreed to his terms and marched through Salt Lake City and on to Cedar Valley and made camp which was called Camp Floyd. Instead of doing us harm they were great blessings. Where was a market for everything to had in gold. I went over and made adobys for them and got ninety dollars in gold and gave it to my mother.

Finally civil war broke out and the government needed their army back where they came from so they were called back. General Johnston was a Southerner and he ordered all the Government property sold to the Mormons at less than fifty per-cent of their value

jos S McDonald  
6



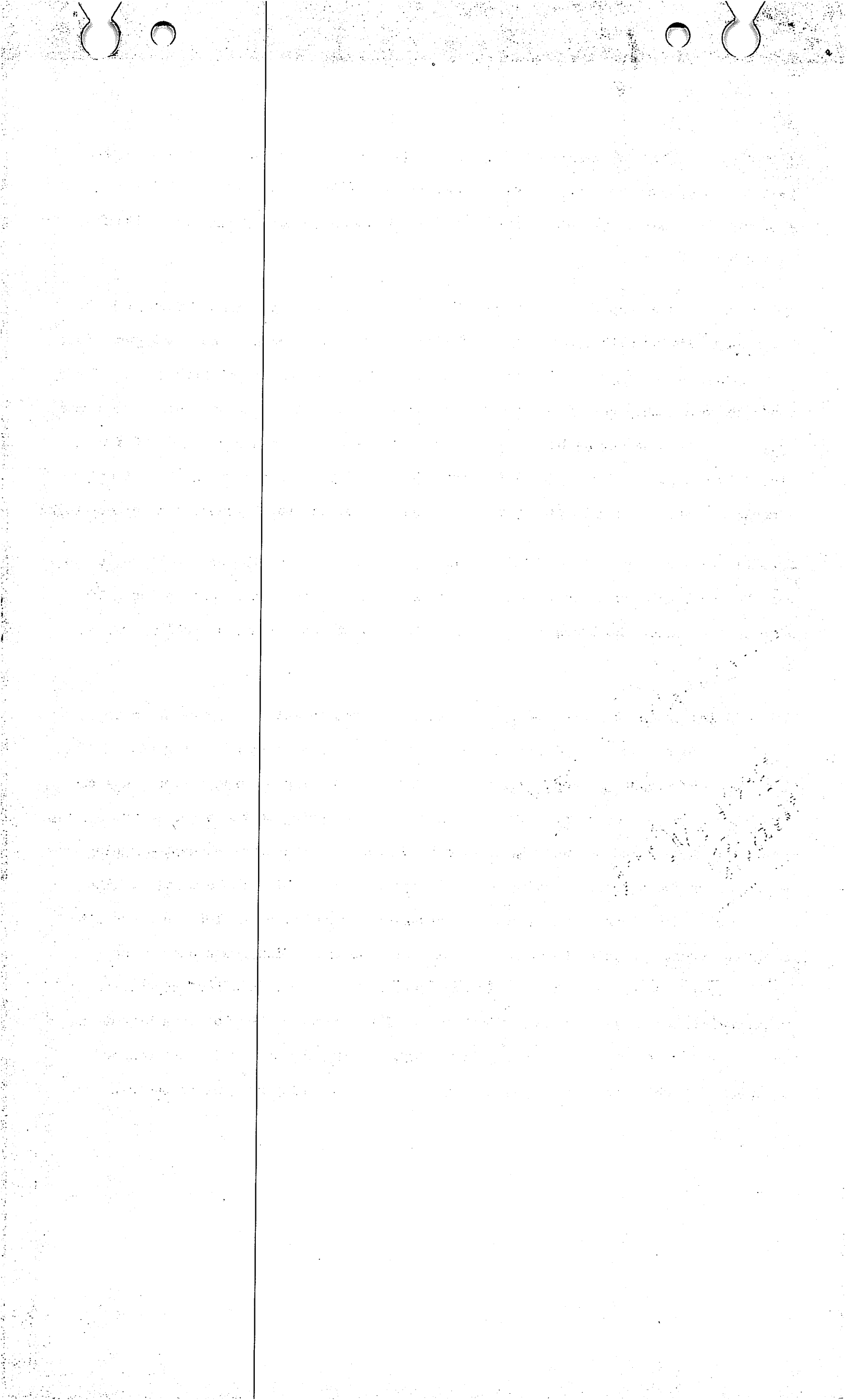
at auction. They had thousands of mules and hundreds of wagons. You could buy three span of mules, harnesses and wagons for two-hundred fifty or three hundred dollars. That was where Walker Brothers got their start of goods to keep their store with for they bought the Commissary out.

A few years after that the McDonald family moved to Hober City, Wasatch County, Utah. I was still living with my mother. At the age of nineteen years I thought I was a man. I was going to leave my family and go north to the gold mines to get rich quick. I was ready to go and they coaxed me to help them go to Hober. I did so and when we got here they held a meeting for my benefit and made every offer that was reasonable if I would stay only one year. I stayed and I never got started yet. I always think if I had gone I would have got rich with plenty of money and no trouble, but I stayed and got married.

I am the father of seventeen children and I would not take ten thousand dollars apiece for them so I think that is more money than I would have got had I gone to the gold mines. But deduct the trouble I have from that and it would leave a small margin in cash.

While living in Hober I got acquainted with a very respectable family by the name of Cummings. There was the old man and the old woman and five boys and one girl. I always liked the girl best. We kept company for awhile and the first thing I knew I was engaged and I never thought of getting married for I was going to the mines in the Spring. I was only twenty and she was nineteen, just a couple of kids, but we kept on going together for two years more before we could agree to set a time to be married. She made me a good partner, always agreeable and nice but she died and left me alone with seven children. She died October 18, 1861. In 1864 the Indian war broke out again. It was called the Black Hawk War. It was fiercer than ever before for they killed men, women and children, if they caught them alive, they tortured them to death by cutting them to pieces and burning them with hot irons, cutting the womens breasts off and scalping them while they were alive. I've seen womens scalps hanging to their belts,

jos S McDonald





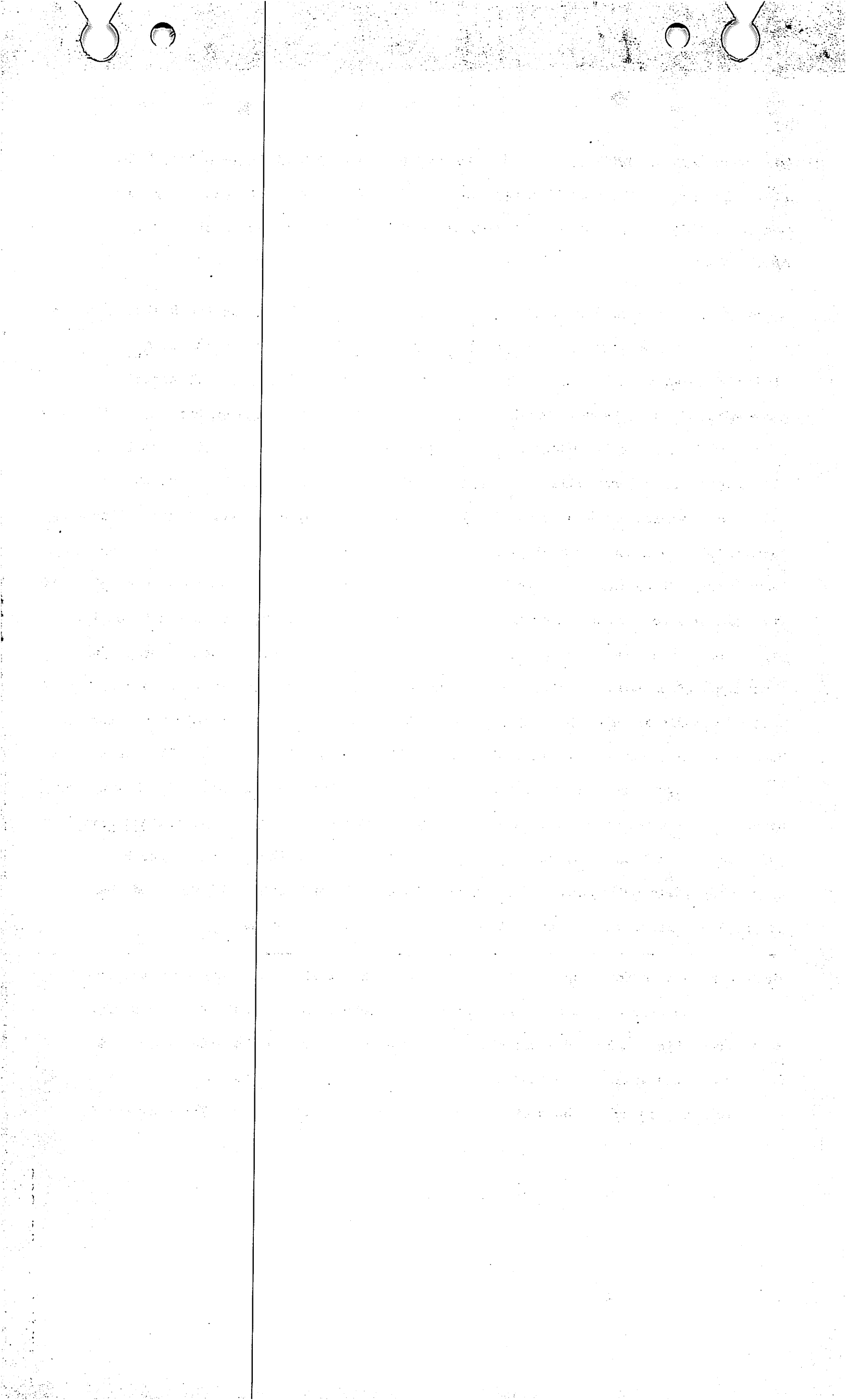
They were long and wavy and combed out nice. When they went to camp they had a long, skin pole and hung them on it and stuck it in the ground by their tent door to show how brave they were. The more scalps one had the braver he was considered by the warriors of his tribe.

I was at that time twenty-four years old. I was enlisted in the United States army and got apart as a minute man. I had to keep the riding horses and saddles in good shape, plenty of ammunition on hand for immediate use in 5 minutes notice. It seemed as tho' the Indians were all gone. Our leading men thought the enemy was gathering together to make a raid on the settlements to make a wholesale massacre of the settlements. They picked a man from Springville to go out scouting and see if possible where they were and he was to pick any man to go with him. He picked me, next day. I got notice from Colonel Page to appear at Springville for further orders. Next day we started and we found some Indians who seemed to be taking their squaws farther east to a safer place of hiding. We were gone seven or eight days and when we got back, I reported to Captain Wall what we had done. We saw five Indians before they saw us. I cannot write just what happened on that trip for it would be too long a story. The Indians gave us a good deal of trouble in Wasatch County. We had to put our cattle all together and ten men herded them day and night. They stole our cattle right out of our corralls and our wheat from the bins. About ten or fifteen of the good Indians came in and said they wanted peace. So Bishop Joe Burdock made a big feast under the bowery and we all ate with them and gave them all the beef and bedding they wanted because they were so good but next night they stole thirty head of our horses to pack it off with. We followed them as far as Green River and got some of the horses but saw no Indians.

There were just a few people in this valley at that time. There were only ten or twelve fit to ride horses so it kept us busy to keep them back out of our country. I was first Lieutenant and I was kept busy as picket guard on the ridge between the Indians and the valley. We took turns three at a time and we had to walk from the head of Daniels Canyon to the head of Lake Creek, a distance of twelve miles back and forth

Joseph S. McNamee  
8



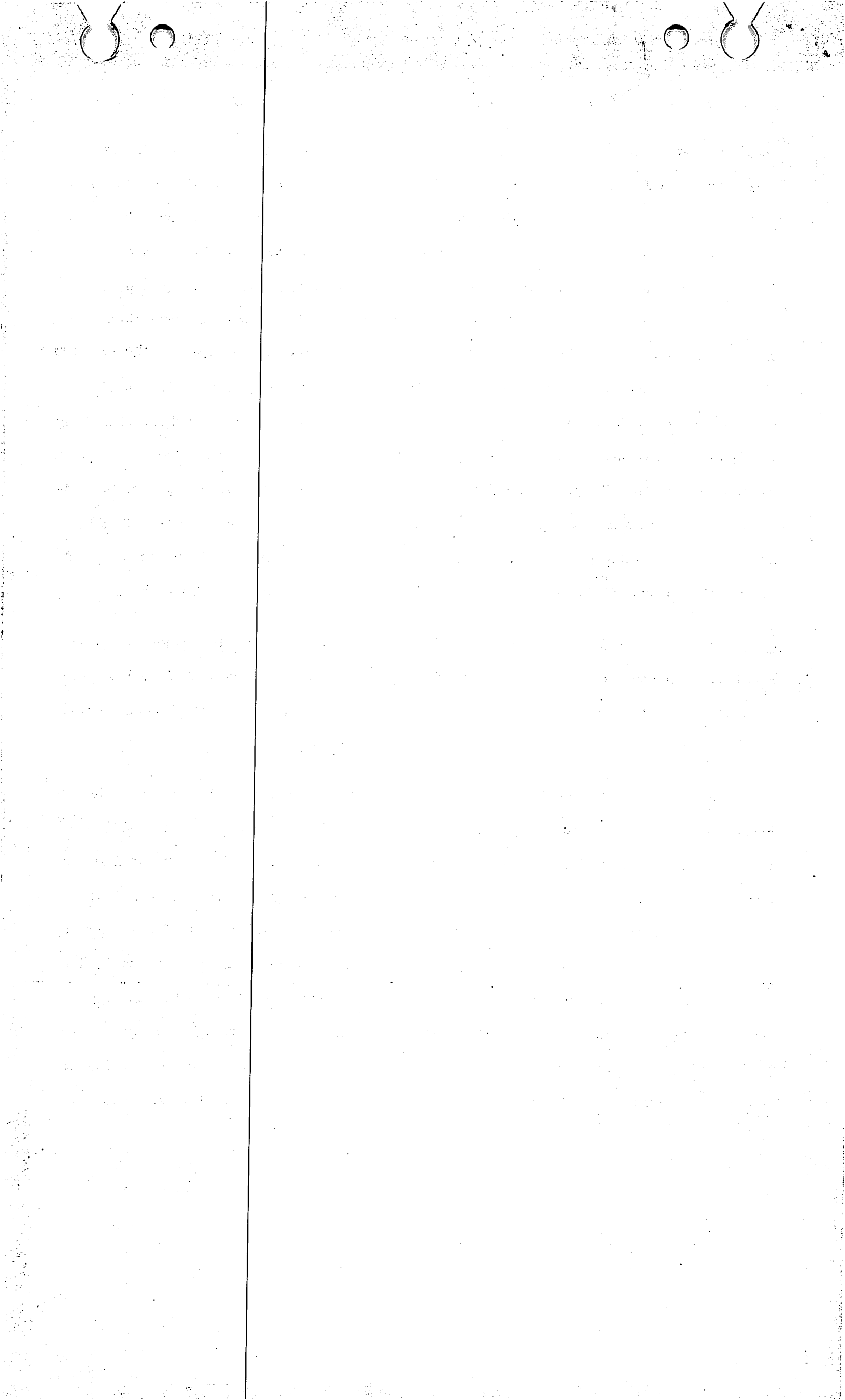


every day and pack our guns and bedding and food. It was no fun for eight days at a time and then I had to guard the herd eight days at a time up at Cluffs ranch. Between times I was chasing the Indians in different places. They stole our cattle out of our corrals at night and four of our men followed them over the ridge and down Duchesne, till we saw little smoke curl up over the chimney. There was some nice crawling up to get a shot at them and there was three Indians, one on guard while the other two slept. They killed one of the cattle. The guard was sitting on the porch cutting some of the fat off to eat, while the others were sound asleep. The best man was ordered to shoot him and the rest of us to keep our shots for the others when they would get up. At the crack of the gun, the guard jumped up put his hand on his stomach and started for the timber but he fell before he got there. The others jumped up one of them jumped on a horse but he seemed to be in a hurry for he fell right off again. The other jumped like a deer into the timber and got away. After peace was made the Indian said we shot through his breechecloth when he was getting to the timber.

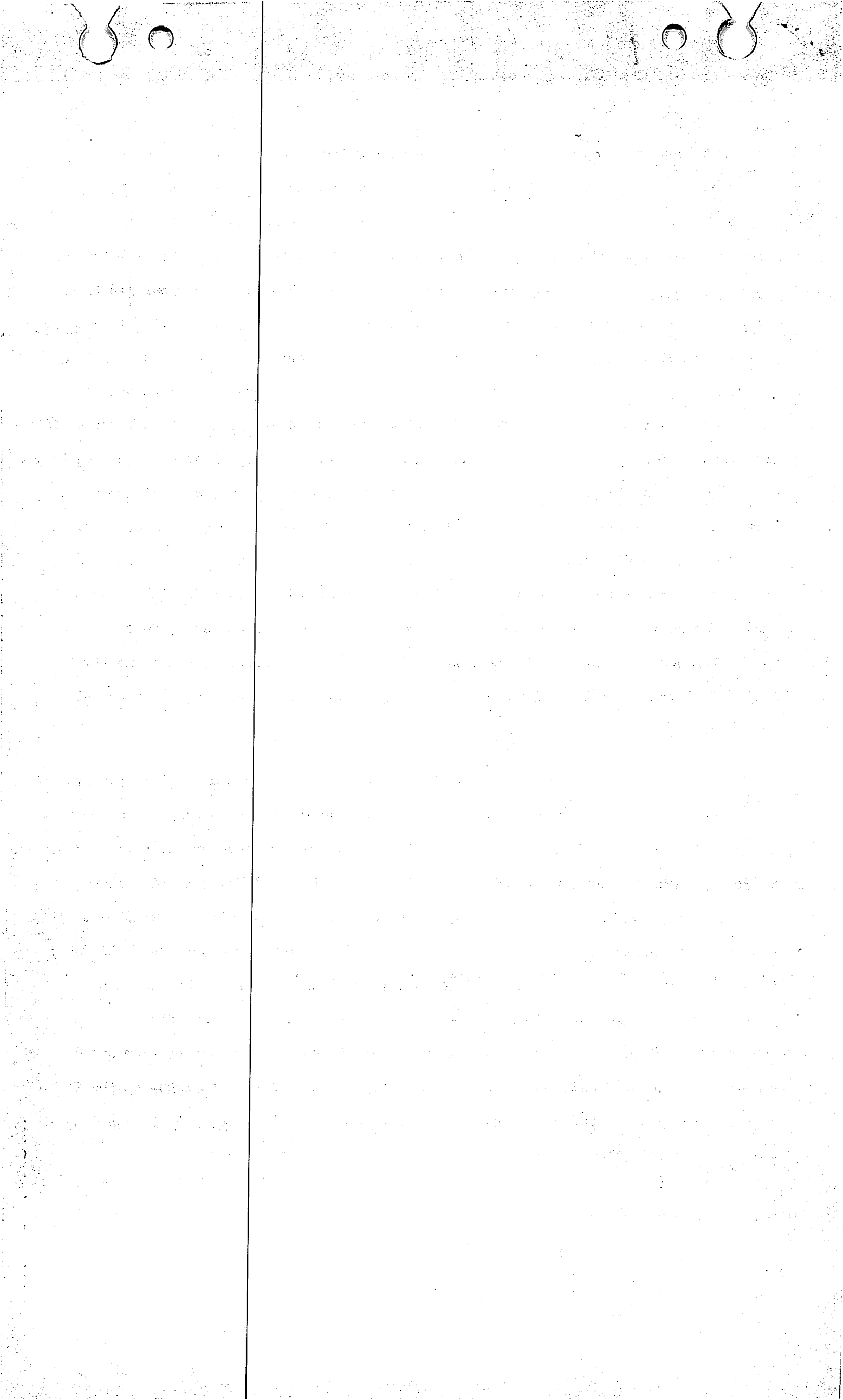
We jumped up and ran into their camp, yelling like their was a whole company of men. We gathered up their camp with their horses and cattle and started back in a hurry for home. About that time Brigham Young sent out to Chief Tabby one hundred head of beef to try to make peace and talk the trouble over with him.

Captain Wall was ordered to take ten men from the Cavalry Company, I was one of the favored ones and was called to go and deliver the cattle and not come back until we delivered the cattle and made peace. That was a hard mission to fill for the Indians were all gone east to hide their squaws. We sent an interpreter to get them to come back and have a talk with us and we wanted to give them a hundred head of beef and try to make peace. And it took them three days to get back to where he was at the Indian Farm on Duchesne River but there was a messenger sent from Chief Tabby but the agent would take him into his house and we could not get to talk with him. If we got up to speak to him all we could get out of him was, "You Mormon dogs". We were stopping in a Government block house and could not find out what was going on but the man that kept

Joseph S. McDonald



the. Captain Wall said, "I must know what is going on in that house. and came in on the walk. They surrounded the agent's house and Tabby got off and went shoot". In about fifteen or twenty minutes they formed a line with Tabby on the left that word for" "In about fifteen or twenty minutes they formed a line with Tabby on the left enough. As the Indian went back on the run. Captain Wall said, "that did you send that it he came in on the run we would commence shooting as soon as they got close hunting, our interpreter slipped him on the leg and told him to go back and tell Tabby they are going to shoot as soon as they get close enough. They will not mind me". At is coming in on the charge and says there are ten or fifteen Indians painted black and Tabby just as fast as his horse could run right up to our interpreter and said, "Tabby could see them moving around and forming in line. Then we saw a messenger come from The Indians came into the cedars the next night and camped. Next morning at sunrise we bother us any more. Indians we intend to kill". I never saw a man get out of a house as quick and he didn't man that owned the port hole tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You are the first one, when he looked through it he said, "(G.D.) that is straight for my door". The never answered and walked on looking at the port holes and we had made till he came to yelled out again, "Do you know whose house this is?" I said, "Uncle's I guess". He knew that the Indians were going to attack us the next night so nobody spoke. And he said, "Gentlemen, do you know whose house this is?" We felt pretty sore at him for he president we felt pretty good. The old agent came over and looked around and finally your horses to it so they can't run them off". We worked all night. Next morning after of the house, bore holes right through it and put the rope through the post and tie yourselves and pack in you wood for use. I have a big rope. Sink some posts in front the port holes for yourself. I have a forty gallon barrel. Fill it full of water for lot and shoot at them red devils. When I have a two inch auger. Get your men to make send your men over and pack it over to this house. All I ask is to return it, that is I have all kinds of ammunition and as soon as it gets dark so the agent can't see you cannot see you killed for nothing. I think they will attack you tomorrow night. Now the store there came over and said, "They have started to kill every one of you. I



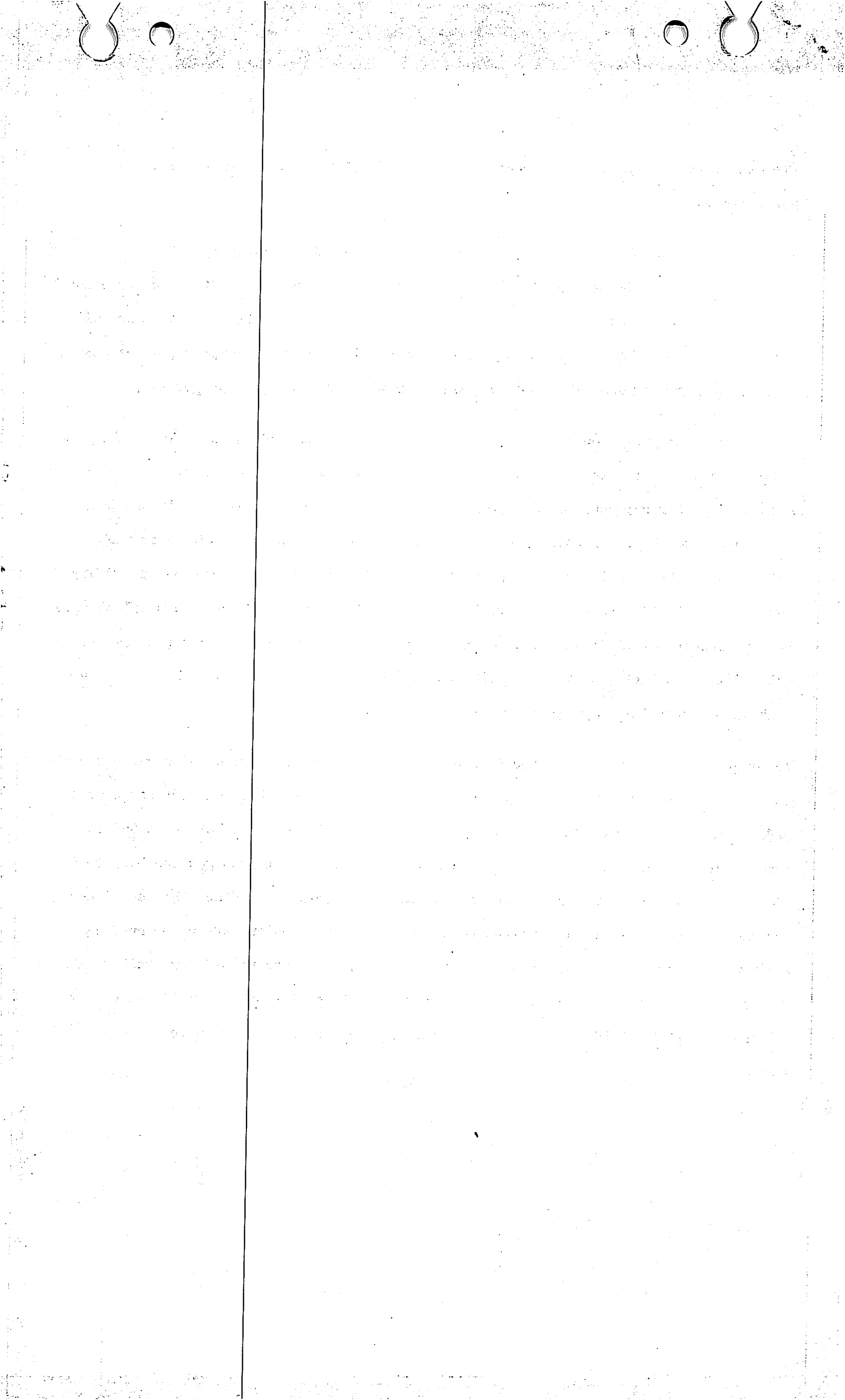
Lieutenant McDonald, you pick a man and stand in this door and don't let a white man out nor a red-man in".

There was some excitement. Every man to his port holes and ready for action! Wall told Tabby that Brigham Young had sent over a hundred head of beef to him to make peace and talk over the troubles and he gave us orders not to come back until we had talked with him. Tabby said, "Tomorrow at sunup, I will fetch warriors with me". Capt. Wall said, "All right but you must not fetch any guns or pistols or you will not get in".

Next morning they came everyone of them being painted black and had war clubs swung on their wrists and pistols under their blankets but we let them in any way. There was two rooms and a door between. We all stood in the east room and the indians in the west room. Wall sat by old Tabby. I stood by the door between the two parties so that neither party knew what the other party was going to do and the meeting began. Tabby commenced by telling some of the troubles and how they had been treated but Wall stopped him and told him that it was war, now we want peace. We are here to make peace. We must quit killing each other. The black indians did not like such talk but when they would talk Tabby would tell them to be quiet and they did.

Tabby got very angry at times and so did Wall and Tabby said if we would promise to kill Snow and some other man I forget who that he would take the cattle and let us go home and would send some indians with us. Wall told him that could not be for we had laws that would not let us kill them. "You don't need to kill them just get somebody to do it and that will be all right". But about sundown he told the indians they could have the cattle and it was a pretty sight to see three hundred indians after one hundred cattle. They were shooting them. Some were lassoing them and next day we talked all day and Tabby told us that we could go home and not to go through the hills to keep the wagon road and we would be safe. Next day we started and never saw an indian on the road.

Joseph S McDonald  
11



When we got home everybody was very much surprised. There was four or five hundred men camped on the public square so they could start before daylight that they might reach where we were shot up before dark. When we went out a gun went off accidentally and shot two horses, one died right then, the other was left on the road and he made his way home.

Bishop Mardock told the people that every man had been killed and that was all that got away and all the women knew it was true because the Bishop said so. The next night there was a big party. Everybody went and had a big supper and a good time.

I now took up farming and stock-raising and bought all the stock I could and got so many I could not winter them in this valley so I took them south to winter quarters. I was eighteen when I came to this and I have built six houses.

Doc S McDonald  
12



